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A VOICE FROM THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

REV. TITUS COAN.

(Continued from last number.)

Not till then will men behold that spectacle of peerless glory, "the New Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven." Not till then will "the Tabernacle of God" be fully established "with men." For this blessed consummation we will long and pray and work, waiting patiently on the Lord, "as the husbandman waits for the precious fruits of the earth."

I hail with joy every beam of light which rises in our social, civil, political, literary, commercial, international and ecclesiastical horizon on this subject, for all these elements of society must harmonize, and be consecrated to truth and light and love, before the world can enjoy true peace. It is a work of time, but a work, nevertheless—a good work, a great work, and a glorious work—and though the controlling power and the directing skill are of God, yet He kindly offers every willing mind a part in the enterprise and in the reward. "We are laborers together with God." Blessed is the man, the woman, the child, however feeble and obscure, who gives a faithful heart and a helping hand to the work.

As in the vast and mysterious laboratory of the physical universe, God is analyzing, combining and centralizing all elements, all forces, all changes; bringing order out of apparent confusion, and shining worlds out of chaotic darkness; so, in the moral universe, his unseen hand is ever busy, controlling all spiritual dynamics, evolving good out of evil, light out of darkness, allegiance out of rebellion, love out of hatred, peace out of war, and life out of death. Above the clouds, the darkness and tempest, above the ruin and wreck of wars, of intemperance, of selfishness, of oppression, of brutality, above the awful darkness and superstition of our race, above the seething and surging of human passions, and above all the mad elements of fallen natures, Jehovah speaks in a voice which reassures his toiling, weeping, fainting servants, amidst the din and conflict of earth, and which awakes echoing shouts of transport on all the heavenly hills:

"BEHOLD I MAKE ALL THINGS NEW."

Take courage, then, beloved brother; take courage, all ye sons of peace. "Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King." Put on the "Breastplate of Righteousness" and the "Helmet of Salvation;" grasp the "Shield of Faith," and draw the "Sword of the Spirit." These weapons are not carnal, but they are "mighty-through God."

We preach no war gospel to the Hawaiians. No war of nations, of races or of sects, and God has honored the "gospel of peace" and truth. We have enjoyed profound peace in this once savage and blood-soaked land for fifty years. Professed Christian ships and Christian fighters have often come here to draw our fire, and they have drawn it to their discomfiture and shame. When they threatened, we prayed. When they drew their flashing sabres, we unsheathed "the sword of the Spirit." When they "cleared decks for action," removed tempions loaded with infernal missiles, and lighted the Plutonic match, we opened the batteries of the Law and Gospel upon them, and discharged park after park of heaven's high artillery. Thus, and thus only, have the batteries of our foes been silenced, and the "Prince of Peace," the great "Captain of our salvation," has slain

his enemies "with the sword of his mouth." While the vast armies of enlightened and boasting Christian nations are rolling and raging like ocean waves under the lashings and howlings of the tempest, and while they are soaking the earth with human gore, and causing it to tremble under their infernal charges, and toss up its awful wails of anguish and terror to the heavens, we are permitted to sit in peace under our vines and fig-trees, with "none to make us afraid."

If Christian nations will let us alone, or if they will come to us only "in the fulness of the blessings of the gospel of peace," these islands will "learn war no more," and never again will "violence be heard in our land, or wasting or destruction be seen within our borders." "Peace and good will" constitute the very essence of the gospel, and when men love and practise the right, there will be true peace. Hitherto, "the nations have been mad!" and that madness has infected and paralyzed the churches. But the day is breaking. The long, sad, dreary night of selfish ambition, of cruel hate and revenge, is passing slowly away, and the glorious sun of righteousness, so long obscured by the clouds and hustling storms of human passions, is coming forth from the darkness of ages to "shine more and more unto the perfect day."

I do long to see the whole church arise and shine in the light of God. I long to see all her ministers "put on the armor of light," and all her members walking "as children of light." And I long to see all who love peace, give of the silver and gold, which God says "are mine," to help this blessed heaven-born work.

When Christians will give one-tenth, or one-hundredth, of what they give to support the cruel and diabolical art of war, for the cause of peace, that blessed angel will again come forth from heaven on joyful wings, and proclaim, amidst the acclamations of countless hosts of earth and heaven, that, "peace on earth" is an accomplished fact. God of eternal love, hasten it.

I long to see all the children of our Sabbath-schools throughout Christendom instructed in the principles of peace, and thoroughly permeated with this radical gospel doctrine. I fear that this kind of teaching is, in many cases, too much neglected, if not, in some schools, ignored; and, instead, a national vanity, and a false patriotism inculcated.

It is a sad and painful sight to witness the giddy enthusiasm of many children in view of the gilded trappings and glittering show of military glory. Did holy or fallen angels first deck and paint a military review? And who are those who attempt to throw glinting light over a battlefield, while they throw a mantel over all that is ghastly and infernal? O, that art would cease to paint in false colors, and the limner dip his pencil only in the light of heaven.

Will true photography lie? Will truth beguile? Will light conceal, or will it kill darkness?

Give your young ANGEL a trumpet. Write Peace and Love on his golden wings, and send him forth into all the churches and Sabbath-schools of the land. Send him over the broad continents, over the towering mountains, and over the billowy ocean. We will hail him with delight; we will listen to his mellow notes, and we will raise the old, old chorus of the skies, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men."

Enclosed please find draft of one hundred dollars for the American Peace Society.

Republished at the request of Rev. H. Halsey.